"W. S. O. E. VS. THE MOON"

A. C. Curtis

While sitting one night at the station
With artists broadcasting around,
I was listening with greatest attention,
When I heard a peculiar sweet sound.

I looked 'round to see if the others
Were also attracted by it;
But all were quite busily working,
And none seemed to mind it.

The sound is quite hard of description,
It was like the tone of a flute;
But sweeter by far than that music
And more like a long drawn out hoot.

Then suddenly I heard a voice speaking
A language quite strange to my ear;
The words were as clear as tho English,
The speaker must surely be near.

"Hello, there," the voice was calling;
"Hello, there, I'm calling the earth,
I'm here in a deep Lunar crater
A yelling for all I am worth."

I've heard that your great station
Called W. S. O. E.
Has spoken to one of our planets,
'Twas Mars they told me."

Their words came so loudly and so clearly,
I wondered that I alone heard;
I really thot that I was dreaming,
But remembered the moon brightly glowed.

When, hark! "Hello," I heard the voice calling,
"I'm waiting to hear from you folks,
They tell me you're a great place for learning
And cracking of poor Lunar jokes."

I laughed, for it struck me as funny,
And took up my seat at the Mike;
I snapped on the switch for broadcasting,
And hoped that his station I'd strike.

"Hello, this is Oscar who's speaking,
Please tell me how my voice comes in."
I get you quite clearly," he answered,
"Although we're in air that's real thin."

"I wish that you'd tell me about you,
And things as they are in the moon,"
I asked him, and he then responded
"I will, since it's just about noon."

I've mentioned the fact that our air is
As rare as the land at your pole,
But our people are down in the craters,
They're always, you might say, in a hole."

In appearance I guess we are different
Than you folks down there on the earth;
We're none of us under five meters
And know how to talk from our birth.

In science we lead all the planets,
And so have for millions of years;
The earth has been slow in advancing
In nothing are they our peers.

Religion is monotheistic,
We do not have any race wars;
We've long ago learned that such quarrels
Have never advanced any cause."

"That's true," I replied, "But you're older,
And we're learning more every day;
Our school here of engineering
Does wonders in just such a way."

I stopped and awaited his answer,
But all that I heard in reply,
The words in a tone that was gasping,
"Dear Oscar, I bid you goodbye."

Thus ended this great conversation,
And I was real glad it took place;
It shows W. S. O. E. station
Can reach far beyond earthly space.

Evolution

Little Rhea, 3 years old, while walking with her grandmother in the barnyard near their country home, caught sight of a calf running toward them with its tail in the air.

"Oh, grandma!" shrieked Rhea, "here comes the calf with its strap hanging up."

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